In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fel.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herbe, and be thou here againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwim a league.
Pu. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.
Oberon. Hauing once this iuyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, whence ſhe is aſleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when ſhe waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
She ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſtay, the other ſtayeth me.
Thou toldſt me they were ſtolne vnto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meete my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,

And